



MONTEREY, HIGHLAND COUNTY, VA., SEPTEMBER 22, 1893.

VOL. VI.

DEAD AT HIS FEET IN THE DRIPPING RAIN.

BY CHARLES CURTIS HAIN.

As up the stream, unto the very feet
Of Laurence, the knight whom she revered,
Elinor, the lady of the castle,
By the dumb servant was gently stered.

So by the voiceless servant, death, an I
In silence borne away without one sigh,
Up to the foot of him I loved, but who
Loving me not in turn, hath let me die.

And in the cold gray morning I shall lie
At the feet of him I love, that he may look
On the face of her who, loving, trusted him,
And trusting, both her mind and home for-
sook.

For go I forth with never a moan or tear,
From the world of hate and weariness,
Out on the silent sea of love and rest,
Into God's love and mighty tenderness.

The sky is raining in my open grave,
But in this sinful body soon shall rest,
But it softens the mold and the sides of the
grave.

That they press not too harshly on my breast,
But ere they place me in its cold, moist clasp,
A moment I shall lie in its dear feet,
For death will lead me where I could not go,
In life, and give to me my boon most sweet.

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To lie at his feet in the dripping rain,  
With his eyes upon me is better than life!  
To be near him, though dead, will be sweet  
to me.

The woman he would not make his wife.

I forgive him the sorrow, suffering, shame,  
For the bliss that I had, 'tis the loving  
brought pain,  
And my body will know when it lies at his feet,  
How much it is to be near him again.

HITCHCOCK, N.Y.

## JANET LEE

—OR—

## In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE MURDER.

The sailor was awakened by a draught on his hand. The draught came from the opening in the window. He was, as many of his class are, a light sleeper. He lay quietly listening. The storm had expended its fury, but the wind was still high. Above the sound of the storm he heard a peculiar sound against the side of the house.

The sailor sat bolt upright in bed. The noise continued. The sailor slipped softly out of the bed, walked across the room, and felt in his pocket for the weapon he relied upon. Then he donned his clothes. As he was doing this a gust blew in the room. Stopping, the sailor was just able to discern a figure at the window. The intruder was feeling his way cautiously. The distance between the window and the bed was not more than three feet. The man was well in the room; he was feeling the side of the bed when the sailor's hand clutched his thro.

There was a smothered sound as the sailor pressed the intruder back to the bed. At first the sailor was resolved to throttle the robber. Then as he relaxed his grasp, the intruder said, in husky tones, "For God's sake let me breathe."

"Who are you?"  
"Take your hands from my throat."  
"I'd serve you right to end your life here. Stealing in upon a traveler to murder him."

"I am no thief. I am the landlord's son."  
"A likely story. I'll call your father up, and you can tell him how you came in on me."

"For God's sake, listen. I am powerless. See I bear no arms. I am a sailor—an honest sailor."

"I tell you I've been away from home four months—four years it seems."

"Come—let's have a look at you."

The sailor held a tinder box in his hand. A flame illuminated the room, and in the brief period the light fell upon the intruder's face the sailor scanned him from head to foot.

"I know you were among the first to be in the casks of rum. Here, lie down, and in the morning go like a man to your father."

"I don't care."

"Well, lie down, and go to sleep."

The landlord's son cast himself, just as he was, on the bed. The sailor disrobed once more and laid down beside him and fell asleep the second time.

He was awakened later—he had no idea what time it was—by creaking stairs. He removed the cover, stepped noiselessly out of bed, and, as he loomed his clothes a second time, listened intently. A life of danger had sharpened senses naturally acute. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Somebody was ascending the stairs stealthily. The sailor felt his weapon, and moved back to the bench. The door was opened slowly; then in the darkness the sailor thought a man's figure was dimly outlined.

The stature was that of the landlord.

Now another step was heard on the stairs. In the darkness the sailor was unable to perceive the movements of the figure until suddenly he became sensible of the presence of some one near at hand.

Then the sailor realized that he was unable to prevent a terrible, a monstrous crime. The figure hovering between him and the bed stooped. At a venture the sailor aimed his pistol at the figure, fired, and then bounding past the bed, darted through the window, and falling on a plank placed against the house placed there by the landlord's son, slid to the ground and disappeared in the darkness.

When the report of the pistol was heard, Grizzle Meade was approaching the door with a light. The sudden fright caused Grizzle to drop the light, which was extinguished. When the landlord, who had been drugging headlong to the floor by the sailor, regained his feet, he cursed his wife for letting the light fall, stumbled against her in the dark, then hastened down stairs for a fresh light, and speedily returned to the bedroom.

Grizzle Meade was wringing her hands in terror, and crying, "He is undone—we are undone."

"Peace—be quiet," her husband commanded, as he approached the bed and held the light over it. Grizzle's eyes were

on his every movement. Suddenly he put a hand over his face and staggered back. Grizzle seized the light from his trembling hand and looked at the man on the bed. As she looked her frame seemed to be rigid, the blood receded from her lips; her face grew ashen-gray as she stared stonily down on the face now veiled forever with the awful shadow of death. She opened her mouth, but no sound issued from her lips. Then she turned slowly, her body seemingly as rigid as stone—turned, with horror dilating her eyes, and stared awe-stricken at her husband, cowering, groveling on the floor, with the knife in his hand.

Then, with a cry that sounded like that of a wild animal, Grizzle Meade fell in a heap beside her husband.

## CHAPTER III.

## IN EVIL DAYS.

The early dawn saw Grizzle Meade moving briskly about the house. The landlord of Globe Inn was gulping a glass of liquor, when the glass was wrenched from his hand.

"What! Do you want to put the ropes round our necks that you must fly to the liquor? What! I find with for both? If you had not been so cowardly you would have made sure."

"Have done, Grizzle. It is the hand of God. How could we know he was there—how could he back?"

"You'll drink no more till all is over, or we will hang. Hark! Do you hear that, Daniel Meade? Will we help matters by babbling? I have washed and dressed him. No hand shall touch him."

"Fool! I see your way clear. Listen! We will say it was the bullet. The boy came home, and we put him to bed. Are you listening, Daniel Meade? Then the drunken sailor fought him in the night, shot him, and fled."

The landlord looked at his wife with lack luster eyes.

"Rouse, man, and leave liquor alone, unless you want to hang."

"I promise, but we might as well be done with it."

"You would think differently at the rope were about your neck. It is not above understanding. The wound in his head will satisfy all. Now, then, away with the liquor. We must arm our neighbors and the authorities. Away now."

Daniel Meade repeated the story his wife put in his mouth reluctantly. As he repeated it he regained something like the assurance that characterized his dealings with the world.

The announcement of the murder created a profound sensation. The elements of a great mystery—a mystery that seemed impervious to the vision of the intelligent, while the uneducated regarded the event as additional proof that supernatural agencies were daily demonstrated in the affairs of mankind.

The authorities, on the other hand, calmly noted: first, that the poor boy who had twice escaped death at sea in a miraculous manner, came home a murderer; second, that the murderer effected his escape easily and in a manner that would have suggested itself to the dullest comprehension; third, that the authorities owed it to themselves to capture, convict, and hang the murderer speedily.

The news spread fast and far. Great crowds thronged the Globe Inn during the remembrance of the murder. The marshal of Salem was notified by William Ayers, Daniel Meade's creditor, to postpone the collection of his debt for the present. Such a proceeding at that time would have made Mr. Ayers very unpopular, and he was looking forward to political preferment.

The authorities viewed the remains, made due note of the testimony submitted by the grief-stricken parents, Marshal Hobbs, Giles Ellis, and Ezra Easty, and accorded due prominence to the statements made by the marshal and Ellis in the record. Scarcely any note was made of the sworn statement Ezra Easty made. Ezra was only an apprentice to John Lee.

Thus the remains of the innkeeper's son were committed to their last resting place with much ceremony and public manifestations of concern.

Contrary to the expectations of the landlord, the notoriety given Globe Inn was the means of re-establishing the business. The inn enjoyed in its best days. William Ayers, Meade's creditor, was paid promptly a week after the funeral. Principal and interest on the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds was paid on the nail. There were many who expressed surprise at the ability of Daniel Meade to meet his debt and other obligations, but as the custom grew, and the inn flourished, the landlord's thought held the peace, and rejoiced in the prosperity of a man sorely tried.

On the morning the murder was made known, Ezra Easty, apprentice to John Lee, one of the most respectable citizens of Salem, overheard portions of a conversation between his master and mistress and their daughter that made a profound impression upon him. Ezra was not in the conversation. His master thought he was in the shop—indeed, had sent him there. The shop was a considerable distance from the house, but Ezra, whose curiosity (always easily aroused) was then aflame, made an excuse to return to the house, and hearing loud words in the best room, glanced in at the door, holding the outer door in the narrow passage leading to the shop conveniently open.

As soon as he could contrive it he made an excuse to leave the shop shortly after his master entered it. John Lee's manner as he looked at his apprentice that morning was peculiar, or perhaps the apprentice felt guilty.

Ezra's purpose was to speak to the maid servant, Ann Bigger, who seemed equally anxious to place a distance between herself and the house. They encountered each other at the end of the shop opposite the house.

"Oh, Ezra! You heard them, too?"

"I could not help hearing. If people talk so loud one might hear them half way across the lot."

"Such sharp things as Master Lee said?"

"But did not his own daughter answer him promptly?"

"Aye, and so did the mistress speak out boldly. I did not think it was in her."

"Who, think you, Ezra, is all this quarreling over? I was setting the milk, and was fearful the mistress would come on me every minute, so I dare not remain longer."

"That is plain. Heard you no name?"

"I have told you I was fearful of the mistress."

"I heard plenty—more than master or mistress would like me to know. John Lee had best not make such an ado as a man stops a few hours talk with his friends."

"What did you hear? I have my own suspicions, but first tell me what you know."

"Well, then, Ezra answered with a backward glance, 'It is said to me all this talk is because Master Lee, John Lee's brother, who must have done some dreadful thing.'"

"Aye, that is clear, else Janet would not defend him so warmly. She was

ever talking of her uncle, and when he comes home how it will be this way or that way. 'Tis likely she remembers him when she was a child; all the presents she places store by are her Uncle Martin's. But what a terrible thing has this brother done to set his own flesh and blood against him?"

"That is plain, too," said Ezra. Then he coined a lie solely to make the maid servant think he was much wiser than he really was. "Master is, as you know, proud of his good name."

"And so is mistress, for that matter—aye, and Janet thinks she is as good as aye."

"So it is not much wonder John Lee is angry because of the disgrace his brother may bring on the Lees. I heard enough. I make bold that this brother is in trouble, and has written or sent to his brother to help him. Janet was hot to help her uncle in his strait, and I heard—"

"here Ezra Easty looked around him and whispered, 'Ann, I heard John Lee say his brother should neverarken his door until the matter was cleared up. But it is best we say nothing for the present. Mayhap this will prove something. There are strange rumors going.'"

"Yes, and we must take heed, Ezra."

"What! Art not afraid?"

"I am—and so are you. There's none living not afraid of witches. Why, an witch were to come now." Ezra started, then blushed.

"Ann, it is not well to invite them."

"Pooh! I but did it to try you."

"Why, what can a man do more than a woman if the witches are at hand. Woe! I must be going—master will miss me."

"Say not a word of this, Ezra—we will speak of it again," said Ann Bigger, as she hastened into the house.

When they separated Ann Bigger could scarcely restrain the inclination to run to her sister, who lived near by, to inform her of the mysterious quarrel she had overheard. It was later in the day when she availed herself of the first opportunity to visit her married sister, and related all, and much more than she had heard.

The air of New England at that time was full of strange rumors. The evil one, it was said, was lying in wait in every imaginable shape, ready to pounce upon weak humanity. When Ann Bigger's sister listened to the story Ann related, she instantly assumed Martin Lee had incurred the ill-will and fear of his brother by making a compact with the devil.

"I am all plain to me, Ann. This Martin Lee we have heard of has come back with the devil's art, and has cast a spell on Dorothea and her daughter. John Lee will see his brother burned for the good of his fellows rather than bear him near."

"I never thought it could be like that. An that be so—why, I'll not tarry in the house longer lest I be bewitched like my mistress."

"Tush! Have you no fear. Say your prayers three times a day. If you eat a crust when you get up, or before you go out."

"A crust! I'll eat half a loaf if it will keep the evil one off."

"There are many ways of spitting witches besides having a clear conscience. But, else there'd be no room from them. But you are sure Martin Lee has returned?"

"As good as sure—Ezra Easty agrees with me. He heard all, and he says—"

"Then come to me to-morrow, and keep your ears and eyes open. We'll see what is at the bottom of this."

When Ann Bigger's sister was alone she did not permit much time to elapse before she shared her secret with a neighbor.

And this was the way the trouble began that imperiled the lives of the Lees.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A BALD LOVER.

"And so," Giles Ellis said, musingly, "Martin Lee has returned. At quite sure this is true?" he asked his cousin.

Now, this cousin was the neighbor with whom Ann Bigger's sister shared her secret before the day was over. It was evening, and Giles had called on a business matter.

"That John Lee has not made his brother's return known. He is not a man to keep secrets."

"They may have good reason to be silent. I have always heard Martin Lee was of a headstrong nature."

"And so is John Lee, and I well know. He was never known to turn, once his foot was well set on the road. But your meaning?"

"Ought to be plain to a man as keen-witted as Giles Ellis."

"Do you think Martin Lee is not a welcome visitor—that it is as well he keeps indoors? Is that not it?"

"God preserve you and his cousin exclaimed. 'You take the words out of my mouth.'"

"There is no mistake—Martin Lee you are sure has returned?"

"Nay, I said so not."

And then Giles Ellis' cousin told him how the news came to her—if she added to it she was, as most people are, unconscious of it. Upon hearing this Giles Ellis smiled, but he was not the smile which made people think they wronged him when they suspected a man with such keen black eyes, so closely set in his head; for his was, at best, a sinister face.

"This is worth pondering over," he said to himself when he was alone.

He was walking toward John Lee's house rapidly, when a sound attracted his attention. He had a quick ear and eye. There was light enough to see the lamb that was crossing a field near him. Giles Ellis looked savagely at the lamb, then, casting a swift glance around him, ran toward it. He had produced a keen-bladed knife. The lamb avoided him, and it ran into a corner, where Giles grasped it and drew it toward him, saying between his teeth:

"Now, then, John Winslow, this, too, will show thee what I can do to repay the man who bears witness against me."

His teeth gleamed. The smile on Giles Ellis' face was a rictus as he held the lamb's face up to him roughly and held its neck over his left knee while he slashed its throat. The lamb straightened its legs out as the blood spouted from the great wound.

Giles Ellis rose, and looking down at the dying animal, said: "And had I a score here I would serve them the same way as I did thy fine horse, Master Winslow. Blame that, too, on the witches."

He added, scornfully, as he thrust the knife-blade into the soft earth repeatedly. Then wiping it carefully on the grass, he replaced it in his pocket and turned to the path. He was walking away from the field where the lamb lay, when he paused suddenly, stood still, and listened. Then he vented a terrible oath, darted to a clump of undergrowth, and there, in a depression in the earth, beheld a man crouching.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What others claim from us is, not our thirst and our hunger, but our bread and our gold.—*Amiel's Journal*

## THE NEWS.

Fire destroyed property to the value of \$60,000 in Bunker Hill, Ill.—A fire, which at one time threatened the destruction of the entire town of Liberty, Mo., was confined to the old Thompson House, erected fifty years ago, and which was occupied by a hardware and provision store. Total loss about \$70,000.

—M. A. Baldwin, a prominent young physician, son of a member of the Georgia State Legislature, was shot and killed by Jesse Bowden at Palmer, on Rock Creek. The tragedy was the result of a quarrel over the hand of a young woman who lived at the house where Baldwin and Bowden boarded.

—Miss Emma Powell, of Andover, N. J., jumped from a car window on her way home from the World's Fair.—A destructive fire in Eufaula destroyed a great deal of business property.—The tug Talsman was struck by the steamship Delaware in the New York harbor and sunk.—Prof. Gustavus Fisher, of Rutgers College, died at his home in Brunswick, N. J.—Matthew T. Trumbull, former cashier of the Ulster County Savings Bank at Kingston, N. Y., died of heart disease at the Clinton Prison, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Pittsburg labor leaders have a plan which has been endorsed by Mr. Powderly, for the foundation of a new labor union.

The residence of Milton Meyers, a farmer of Millersville, Tenn., was burned, and three children perished in the flame.—Fire in Schell City, Mo., destroyed property to the value of \$80,000. Three hotels, including the Duke House, and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas depot, three large warehouses, an immense house, half a dozen shops, two livery stables, a number of dwelling-houses—in all, twenty-nine buildings—were burned.

—Patrick Kehoe, one of Paterson's oldest shoe manufacturers, while on his way to his stables, was "held up" by four masked men, who, at the point of a revolver, commanded him to hand over his money.—The consignment of postoffice clerks completed its labors in Chicago by selecting Benj. Parkhurst, of Washington, president; W. E. Crumbacker, of Chicago, secretary, and T. A. Lewis, of Boston, treasurer. The next convention will be held at Boston.—Warrants have been issued for the arrest of nine collectors of the Prudential Insurance Company, in Jersey City, on a charge of conspiring to defraud the company. Only two have been arrested as yet.—Governor Morris has made a requisition on Governor Werts, of New Jersey, for the surrender of Eli Carpenter and Annie Carpenter, who are wanted in Connecticut for burglary committed at Danbury July 13, 1893. Both are under arrest at Newark, N. J.—Alfred W. Boyle, aged twenty-two years, was picked up in an unconscious condition beside the tracks of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, a few miles west of Trenton Junction. He was taken to St. Francis Hospital, in Trenton, where he soon expired.

Wm. R. Gregg, of Duluth, Minn., was arrested in Philadelphia charged with trying to defraud insurance companies. John T. Clark, who swore to the circumstances of Gregg's death by drowning, was also arrested.—Charles O. Rowe, superintendent of the eight district, Western Union Telegraph Company, died very unexpectedly at Titusville, Pa. It is supposed that death resulted from heart trouble.—In a drunken row among a number of Italians at a hotel in Brighton, near Rochester, several Italians were killed and the hotel burned.—Two more Colorado banks opened their doors to business, after several weeks' suspension. They are the Western National, at Pueblo, and the Bank of Florence.

—The large gin house and cotton sheds belonging to E. D. Jones, at Carlisle, in Clayborne county, Miss., on the branch of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad, were burned by a mob of whitescaps. The gin house was posted about three weeks ago by whitescaps, who threatened its destruction if any cotton should be ginned there before the price of the staple went to ten cents per pound.

A fresh outbreak of the yellow fever is reported at Brunswick, Ga.—Catholic archbishops, in conference in Chicago, decided to secure a site for a residence for Archbishop Sallati in Washington.—Mexican outlaws killed a Texan rancher, who lived near Del Rio, and his boy, after brutally mutilating the father.—Ex-Judge Richard Ludlow Darremore, a well-known member of the New York bar, and for more than twenty years a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, is dead.—The new city hall building, in Spokane, was destroyed by fire. At the time three timers were at work on the roof, and are reported to have been burned to death. Loss, \$75,000; insurance, \$50,000.—C. P. Mills, the defaulting banker of Tecumseh, Mich., was arrested in Adrian.

—The jury in the trial of W. H. Shattuck, for the killing of his child-wife, in Albany, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree. Shattuck is a widow of two years ago.

—The George R. Bidwell Cycle Company, in New York, instituted proceedings for voluntary dissolution. T. G. Strong was appointed temporary receiver.—A receiver was appointed by Chancellor McGill, in Jersey City, for the Beverly and Edgewater Electric Light Company. W. Daniels, of the Burlington Electric Light Company, was appointed receiver.

Robert G. H. Huntington, secretary of the House Building and Loan Association of Chicago, is missing. It is expected that Huntington is a defaulter, and that the sum will aggregate \$5,000.—Arthur H. Wiseman, manager of the Western Grain and Stock Exchange at St. Louis, closed his doors. Wiseman is one of the best known of the local bookshop men.

—Sophie Tenney, of Syracuse, N. Y., says she was enticed from home by Henry Marshall, a colored waiter in Cleveland.—Ex-Lieutenant Governor Crosby, of Michigan, is dead. Deceased was state senator from 1870 to 1872 and lieutenant governor from 1873 to 1883.—A telegram from Gen. Sorell, general manager of the Ocean Steamship Company, to Receiver Comer, announces that the wreck of the steamship City of Savannah has been abandoned by the Merritt Wrecking Company, who sent out to inspect her in the interest of the underwriting companies. She was insured for \$150,000.

This bombardment of the forts at Rio Janeiro ceased after six hours, no serious damage having been done to either forts or boats. The United States cruiser Charleston has reached Montevideo and will sail for Rio at once.

## TRAIN ROBBERY.

## One of the Boldest Hold-Ups On Record Near Chicago.

## EXPRESS CAR BLOWN UP.

A well-organized band makes a rich haul on the Lake Shore Road—The Passenger Coaches Not Entered—Erave Engineer-Fireman Escapes.

Twenty masked men held up a Lake Shore train 1.0 miles from Chicago near midnight, and, after wounding the engineer, stole open the safe in the express car and stole its contents. The train was the one which drew out of the Twelfth street depot of the Illinois Central road at 7:45 P. M. It reached Kendallville, a small station in Indiana, little over of four hours later.

It was past the town, and had hardly gone a mile through a stretch of timber land, when the engineer slowed up near a curve. As the engine rattled round the turn, the engineer saw a red light ahead. When the train came to a stop, a dozen men, sprang into the cab, and leveled rifles at the heads of the engineer and fireman. The two railroad men stood stupefied as the rifle barrels gleamed in the flickering light, and the robbers said: "Throw up your hands."

The fireman was peaceful enough, and lifted his arms at once. But the engineer was not so timid. He paid no heed to the men nor to their arms, and, with a cry of warning on his lips, turned toward the passenger coaches. A dozen rifles were quickly turned toward the plucky fellow, and a dozen shots started the passengers, who had been awakened by the sudden stopping of the cars.

How many of the shots struck the poor engineer was not determined, but he felt with the blood gushing from an immense wound.

As the train came to a pause, there was a terrible explosion. The robbers had put dynamite under the train, and, as the stillness of the lonely place was broken, the express car cracked and split, and showed a huge gash in its side.

The conductor and the brakeman hurried to the platform only to be covered by Winchester in the hands of men who said they would shoot to kill if a move was made. The railroad men became motionless and dumb. A guard was put at the end of each car, and the express car was attacked. The messenger behind the barricaded door refused to obey the commands of the robbers to open the express car entrance. Shot after shot was fired at the car, but the robbers soon saw that they would gain no entrance by intimidation. They were prepared for this resistance, and blew the car open.

The messenger was knocked to the floor, senseless. Half a dozen of the twenty men then looted the express car. Dynamite was again used in opening the safe, and the thieves used their own time in taking everything they thought worth carrying away. The guards at the doors of the passenger coaches were called off, a few parting shots were fired—perhaps in the air, to warn those on the train that pursuit meant death—and the band of robbers disappeared in the wooded stretch of land that skirts the railroad.

As fast as legs could carry them, messengers ran to Kendallville to spread the alarm. The sheriff of the county, aroused from bed, called on all near him for help, and soon a posse of residents of Kendallville were spread along the highway to the scene of the hold-up. They scoured the vicinity, beat through the bush, and traveled miles through the woods, but they could find nothing. Guessing that the robbers had come from Chicago, the sheriff routed out a telegraph operator, and wired to the Chicago police the story of the robbery.

## THE EXPRESS CAR LOOTED.

The train held up was the New York express on the Lake Shore road, which reaches Kendallville about midnight. It was made up of ten coaches, two express cars and one baggage car. The dynamite having wrecked only the express car, the robbers contented themselves with looting this alone, and made no effort to force an entrance to the second.

It was 3:30 A. M. when the special officer at the Lake Shore depot rushed into the Harrison Street Station and told the lieutenant in charge that No. 14 had been held up and robbed while rolling over the Indiana marshes. Lieutenant Shepard at once sent half a dozen officers to intercept the bandits if they came toward Chicago. The officers were given orders to go to South Chicago and wait there until daybreak.

The sheriff of the county in which the train was held up telegraphed Sheriff Gilbert, of Cook county, to be on the lookout for the robbers as they were coming this way.

A tramp who was stealing a ride on the express car of the train, said there must have been twenty or twenty-five men in the gang. He says that as soon as the train came to a standstill, the men ran along the train to the rear end, and when the trainmen came out on the platform to see what was the matter they were confronted by Winchester. It is said that none of the passengers were robbed.

## BRAVERY OF THE ENGINEER.

Engineer Knapp and his fireman were ordered to throw up their hands by the men who climbed on the engine. Knapp had one hand on the throttle, and he attempted to start the train. One of the desperados pushed a big revolver against his shoulder and fired. The bullet passed through, tearing a hole in which a lead pencil could be laid. The noise caused by the crashing of the express door when the dynamite bomb was hurled against it, was the first intimation that the passengers had that the train was in the hands of robbers.

There was a lively scramble among the passengers to crawl under seats and secure what valuables they had in sight, such as watches and other jewelry. The express train robbed was one used by the United States Express Company, and is supposed to have contained a large sum of money. One of the Lake Shore officials hastened to the home of Manager Wygant, who started at

once for the train dispatcher's office, where a special train was made up for the officials of the railroad. At five o'clock this train left the Twelfth street depot to make a quick trip to Kendallville.

The United States Express safe is believed to have contained nearly \$300,000, including a shipment of \$250,000 from Chicago to a New York bank. The express officials are making every effort to conceal the facts in regard to the robbery and manifest the most profound ignorance. E. B. Hamlin, the assistant of Messenger Weiss, returned to the city and made report to General Manager Crosby, of the company, but to reporters he said he did not know anything about the case.

## FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

## Extra Session.

## SENATE.

30TH DAY.—Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, offered a resolution for an inquiry into the fact of Senators being stockholders in the United States. The resolution went over. The bill for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law was taken up, and Mr. Pugh (Dem.), of Alabama, a member of the